

SUNDAY TO COME, BUT THINKS N. Y. ISN'T READY NOW

Rev. A. J. Smith Says Evangelist's Arrival Is Certain, but Indefinite.

GREAT TABERNACLE
WOULD SEAT 20,000

Minister, Indorsing New Revival
Plan, Tried Long to Bring Base-
ball Preacher Here.

Like all other international characters, Billy Sunday will have to come to New York eventually. It's only a matter of time before a spacious tabernacle, Sunday model, will be erected here, and Kodely's trombone will summon the five million in relays of 50,000. When New York is ready there will be no doubt about Billy's coming.

Definite predictions of this sort are made by the Rev. Arthur J. Smith, superintendent of the Evangelistic Committee of New York and an experienced campaigner in evangelistic work. Yesterday he added his indorsement to the revival plans suggested by Protestants. Although no formal plan has been taken on the project, Mr. Smith indicated that the Evangelistic Committee would be willing to cooperate in every way possible.

In this association of ministers and laymen, representing the various denominations, there are a number of educational leaders, Stephen Baker, president of the Manhattan Trust Company, and among the members of the committee are John W. Archibald, the Rev. Dr. David James Burrell, R. Fulton Cutting, Cleveland H. Dodge, Bishop David H. Greer, the Rev. Dr. Charles E. Johnson, the Rev. Dr. John Henry Jowett, the Rev. Dr. William P. Merrill, Frank Moss, the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, George W. Perkins, William Jay Schieffelin, the Rev. Dr. Charles F. Stetson, the Rev. Dr. Ernest M. Stiles and James Talbot.

Ready to Co-operate.
The committee is organized to carry the gospel to the unevangelized American and foreign, rich and poor, old and young, wherever they may be found. Its most effective work is done during the summer months by means of tent, open air and ship campaigns.

Superintendent Smith was asked if the Evangelistic Committee intended to stage a revival here, with or without Billy Sunday.

"I cannot say what action the committee will take," he replied. "Because I am not authorized to say anything on the subject." The Rev. Mr. Welch and his associates are doing a fine work. Their plan of uniting clergymen and laymen in a weekly prayer sessions is a splendid movement. I foresee permanent beneficial results from these meetings unless some unhappy issue is injected into the campaign.

IMPORTED
CRETONNES

A splendid assortment of
desirable fabrics for beauti-
fying the home during
summer-time. Prices range
upward, per yard, from

25 cents

SHADES, AWNINGS
SLIP COVERS

McGIBBON & CO.

37th St. West Near 5th Ave.

Alexander's Shoes

The New
Fashions

Women's low shoes demand trim-fitting qualities as never before. Our pumps and oxfords fit snugly at the sides and heels, which adds immeasurably to the charm of the new fancy top models.

Especially attractive are gunmetal oxfords with gray cloth tops, tan calf with sand cloth tops, and patent coltskin with fawn tops, at \$4; also short tongue pumps of gunmetal with gray kid quarters, or patent leather with sand quarters at \$5.

Sixth Avenue, corner Nineteenth St.

Valuable Information

In The Tribune next Saturday—April 17th—there will be published the first of a series of

Saturday Surveys

of the most recent and forthcoming books in all departments of literature.

If you are interested in the very latest productions of the leading publishers by all means see to it that you acquaint yourself with this reliable information.

The Tribune

Great things to-night! Everybody in his finest clothes and wearing all his decorations. The table linen spotless and some dishes and lamps in evidence that nobody has seen before.

Allies Will Quit Before Winter, Say Germans

Believe Harvest Will Put Fatherland in Such Good
Condition That War Will End
Before Snow Flies.

By JAMES O'DONNELL BENNETT.

(Copyright, 1915, By The Chicago Tribune.)
MILWAUKEE, March 7.—The dinner table talk of Sunday's staff runs, of course, almost exclusively on the war. Prophecies as to the length of it are heard respectfully, but a man, who has the reputation of being a pessimist, especially neutral civilians, are put through a brisk examination.

"You hazard your guess as to the month when peace will come. Then the questions: 'Why do you think so?' 'What factor are the Russians in your prophecy?' 'And the English?' 'From what you have seen, what is your opinion as to Germany's power to hold out?' 'What facts have you collected to support that statement?' 'What is the tone of the English papers?'

"So on. Most of them are crisp, material questions that make a man look carefully to his answers. These officers do not want palaver or idle talk to feed food or vanity. They want to know what they get when they get them. 'Many thanks. That was very interesting.' Invariably these conversations wind up with 'And what is going to happen between America and Japan?'

Autumn Seen as End of War.
The answers given on their side to a neutral's question as to the length of the war vary greatly. Some say July; some say August; some say October; some say next Christmas; some say a year hence; some say two years. One or two of the majorities of opinion are in opposition to the mere contrary says seven years.

The general opinion seems to be that the war will end next autumn, because, as one officer put it, 'the Allies have no stomach to enter upon another winter campaign. Once we get the next harvest in we can go on as steadily as we are now going.'

Among the German folk of Germany the feeling toward the country can no longer be said to be kindly, because, they say, we pray for peace on Sundays and make money out of the war on the other days. They are not rancorous on this theme. They have sufficient inkling of world politics to know how difficult it is for the nation condemned to carry water on both shoulders to maneuver the business successfully.

If the talk does not run on the war it runs on old wars, such as accounts of what happened at the French town of Sedan, where the German troops were defeated in 1870. When Napoleon was defeated under its walls just a century ago and compelled to withdraw his troops, it is said, the French chuklers ran around the table, manifestly the story is a regimental classic, so I said: 'Tell it to me, please.'

'Well, it is not a long story,' said the speaker. 'Only about a trumpet more got so excited when he saw his colonel in a tight place that he forgot all about his pistol and used his trumpet for a weapon.'

'The regiment came to close quarters with the enemy, and the lighting was the kind that you Americans call desperate—just a clinch— isn't that the word?'

'Well, the colonel was being harried by an Austrian officer, when the trumpeter rushed to his colonel's side and began beating the officer over the head with his trumpet. Captured him, too—at the point of the trumpet, as you might say, after the manner of the good General Joshua in the Holy Bible.'

'The Austrian officer was young Prince Schoenberg—afterward went into the Church and became Cardinal Archbishop of Prague, I believe.'

Two evenings ago dinner was marked by an incident of special dignity when greetings and a substantial gift were received from the Empress. The general rose in his place and said in his measured, courtly way: 'Gentlemen, there were, as you know, among the troops concentrated here four regiments which were without field kitchens.'

'I now have the honor to inform you that her majesty the Empress has been pleased to present each of these regiments with a field kitchen. They will arrive in Milawa to-morrow. Captain Bennett to see them.'

'Certainly, general.'

Field Kitchens Elaborate.
So we went and saw the gift—huge, glistening, beautifully complete affairs that leave you in the shade some captured Russian field kitchens I have seen. Indeed, there is no comparison.

The Russian kitchens are primitive and gypsylike—not much of an advance on the old-fashioned iron kettle on the campfire, except that they are on wheels. The German kitchens are equipped with dampers and faucets and thermometers and gauges to make the work with them accurate, rapid and easy.

Metal disks bearing in polished relief letters directions as to how to use the devices are attached to every compartment, and they also tell how much the cooking of various kinds of food requires.

The heat is so distributed that one fire serves for the compartments containing hot water, coffee and food; that the food stays warm from half a day to a whole day, the glycine itself not getting warm, but holding the heat in.

The principle of the glycine bath is applied in America to the windows of lighthouses, so that they may be kept clear of frost, and the government buys vast quantities of the oil for this purpose every year.

From these field kitchens the men in the trenches and behind the advanced batteries get their three hot meals a day. That means rice soup, with meat, a meat stew, vegetables and coffee. Wine and rum are also served.

'Our field kitchens,' said General von Heeringen at Laon, 'they have been a mighty factor in this war!'

Military Observers Entertained.
Great doings to-night! Everybody in his finest clothes and wearing all his decorations. The table linen spotless and some dishes and lamps in evidence that nobody has seen before.

Practically every business man of prominence in England looks upon Sunday as the real leader in a movement that has so far accomplished nothing, though it has been urged by the King, by the Chancellor of the Exchequer and by Lord Kitchener. The present crisis in the history of furnishing is a question of how drink can be driven out permanently. And there is to-day no practicable solution evident save that of sending Sunday throughout the Kingdom. King George's attitude on Sunday is no longer in doubt, since Sir Henry states that the King and Queen would probably attend the first Albert Hall meeting.

Members of the committee of business men, who are striving for national prohibition, call attention to the fact that, though England's population is less than half that of the United States, more than twice as much alcohol is consumed here, and more than four times as much as Canada consumes.

To-day, with the practical example

of effect on the manufacture of war supplies strikingly presented, the nation realizes the evils that follow the use of intoxicants and the physical and moral deterioration it causes. Big business men like Randall, Lever and Watson, and their organization associates—believe that now is the time to solidify the opposition to drink into a great temperance movement that will make prohibition now only a temporary government measure, but will effect a huge voluntary step by the people on their own initiative.

What is needed, these men think, is the introduction of a strong and to give the nation the first push in the right direction. And they think Sunday is the man to give the necessary impetus. Now that there is to be state control of the manufacture and sale

by retail of alcohol, the brewers are understood to have accepted the principle of state control, and so far as they are concerned, the question has been settled. The working out of details for putting the plan into effect.

So far it is believed that only state control of breweries has been the present hope of permanent solution. The acquisition of distilleries has not been dealing with that question by prohibiting the manufacture and sale of all spirituous liquors.

With the nation aroused as it is to-day and the government making temperance a national policy, business men say that never again will there be such an opportunity for prohibition, and they call upon Sunday to come here and lead a great revival.

Little Girl Hits Sunday Trail,
324 Men and Women Follow

(From a Staff Correspondent of The Tribune.)
PATERNON, N. J., April 14.—A little, wistful slip of a girl arose in a crowd of 9,000 people to-night and walked over to where Billy Sunday stood with outstretched hands. She gave her own name, 'in the name of Jesus.' She was the first of 324 men, women and children to hit the trail. Someone asked her why she walked so quickly and bravely up the glory path.

'Because I wanted to serve the Lord,' she said with the simplicity of a child.

She was Agnes de Jong, fifteen years old, a trimmer in the Savoy Shirt Mills. She works there eight hours a day for \$4 a week. Her father and her mother were with her, but she left them and came alone to start the half-hour-long procession streaming by Sunday's platform.

Although expected, the trail-hitting came as a tremendous climax. It was a marvelous sight to see the people as they trod the savior's path. The evangelist was in his glory. His eyes shone with an unaccompanied radiance and his whole frame was vibrant. It was his triumph. The crowd seemed conquered for the Lord.

In the frenzy of his exaltation as it led up to the dramatic moment when he should put Paterson to rest, Sunday flung himself about the platform, jerking his words out by the roots. Chairs clattered to the floor, tables trembled, upsetting goblets of water. The revelry's voice and personality

'We've been a week in Paterson, Lord,' he prayed. 'We haven't asked anyone to be converted. But I wonder how many have turned to God. Now we'll all rise and sing 'Just as I am, without one plea.''

And all the great audience rose and stood while the hymn swelled and swelled from the side of the stage. A frame house aglow with its hundreds of blazing electric lamps. There was nothing of the sombre, yet reverential gloom of a church. It was just as it happened in the old days when the Lord would come and give me his hand and say 'I will live for Jesus Christ the best I know how.' Who will give me his hand to-night? How many will take my hand to-night?

Rows on rows of benches were tenanted with standing people. You could see their lips moving, but it was just as if one strong organ like voice was saying, in measured accents: 'I accept Jesus Christ as my personal savior.'

Again Calls Them.
'How many of you will make it known that you desire to take Jesus to your hearts, who'll come forward to take my hand and pledge Jesus to me?'

Sunday caught the pulpit with one hand. With the litherness and grace of a deer he leaped over and lifted the trap door. He dropped down into the little pit. The front of the platform was but to his waist then. He leaned forward from this objective point as far as he could and with outstretched hand he began meeting the converts. It was working convulsively, the strong fingers opening and closing.

It was then the child got slowly up from her seat where she sat cross-legged in the audience.

Nobody had noticed the shy little thing crouched there, muffled up in a red sweater, her face half hidden by a cheap straw hat, with tawdry flowers on it.

She never took her eyes off Sunday as she walked straight to the platform and, reaching up, gave him her hand. Even when she sat down on the front benches the others had hurriedly cleared for the trail hitters she continued to look up at him like one hypnotized. 'Why Not Now?' the choir was singing. She moved her lips and formed each word, but no sound came out of her little mouth.

Almost as soon as the girl reached Sunday, a woman in a black skirt and black coat came up. She carried her straw hat, with a colored ribbon in her hand. She fingered it nervously as she sat down. Then there was another woman in a snuff-colored dress and a touch of green at her open throat. She was one of the first to weep. All the time she sat on the front bench she mopped her eyes with her handkerchief. A woman sitting beside her in a plush coat put her arm around the weeping woman's shoulders and talked to her earnestly.

They were crowding up by that time, crowding up so fast the ushers could scarcely stop them, so eager they were. Little girls that had to strain to reach

the platform, were now being helped up by the ushers. The crowd was so dense that the evangelist could not see the people as they came forward. He was only aware of the hands that were being taken.

At last, the evangelist was able to see the people as they came forward. He was only aware of the hands that were being taken.

All Look to Sunday.
Practically every business man of prominence in England looks upon Sunday as the real leader in a movement that has so far accomplished nothing, though it has been urged by the King, by the Chancellor of the Exchequer and by Lord Kitchener. The present crisis in the history of furnishing is a question of how drink can be driven out permanently. And there is to-day no practicable solution evident save that of sending Sunday throughout the Kingdom. King George's attitude on Sunday is no longer in doubt, since Sir Henry states that the King and Queen would probably attend the first Albert Hall meeting.

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We can fit almost any man immediately. If by chance we cannot, we'll make him a Suit to order without additional charge.

Caps, Gloves, Gauntlets, Leggings, Goggles—all the accessories.
Motor Apparel Shop—Sixth Floor

It is to be understood right here, though, that I won't touch a dollar of their money—not even a son. All they'll have to pay is the expenses of me and my party.

He threw himself down on the bed and turned his face to the wall. Jack Cardiff, his trainer, began to massage the muscles of his back.

Ma Sunday, who had watched the drama from the foot of the bed, was plainly perturbed.

'I don't know that we ought to go,' she said, 'with all that car going on. It doesn't seem that it would be a good time to fight against drink.'

'It's the best time in the world,' Billy asserted, popping up again like a Jack-in-the-box and aiming a playful blow at his trainer. 'I don't know if they want me enough to pay for my whole party, though. Ma is bound to go and most probably there'll be several others. I really don't know what to say.'

He again lay down, muttering to himself as Cardiff massaged him.

'You can send this message,' he said at last and dictated slowly: 'Sir Henry Randall:—'

'Pa, I got neuralgia awful bad,' he said. 'What shall I do?'

Sunday, all thought of England forgotten for the moment, sat erect, the counterpane draped about him like an angel's robe.

'Does it hurt you much, son?' he inquired, anxiously. 'Phone to Bill Arnold and tell him to get you a good doctor.'

'Now, Billy, Ma interrupted, 'never you mind about that. I'll attend to him; you go on with your message. You've talked about enough for this evening, anyway.'

Billy did so.

Sunday paused for a moment and rolled over in bed, making little pugilistic passes with his hand. The door opened while he hesitated, and George Sunday, his son, entered the room clad in pajamas.

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Hampton Furniture for the Country House

THAT pleasant intermingling of blithesome gaiety and grateful comfort which makes of the Country Living Room so attractive a refuge from the heat of the summer's sun depends in great degree upon its adequate furnishing.

Among the Hampton Shops Reproductions may be found the very pieces which will give to this room its desired character, whether it be the ample yet graceful Adam Settee with its back and sides of intricately interwoven cane-work—the Chairs, perhaps designed in strict accord, perhaps of an earlier and more romantic period—or the Folding Table with its finely proportioned and slenderly tapering supports.

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